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T H E
WOOD-LARK;

A CHOICE
Collection of New SONGS.

C O N T A I N I N G,

1. CONTENT.
2. SPRING, an Ode.
3. HOW DO YOU DO.
4. The SHEPHERD'S INVITATION.
5. The YOUNG MAN'S WISH.
6. The MILLER'S SONG.

T E W K E S B U R Y:

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Retail. Likewise, the True Original Daffy's
Elixir, Bateman's Drops, Scotch Pills, and all
other Medicines of established Reputation, that
are advertised in the Weekly Papers.



WOOD-LARK, &c.



CONTENT.

O'ER moorlands and mountains rude barren and
bare,

As wearied and wilder'd I roam,

A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,

And leads me o'er lawns to her home;

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage have
crown'd,

Green rushes were strew'd on the floor,

Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round

And deck'd the sod seats at the door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,

Fresh fruits and she cull'd me the best;

Whilst thrown from my guard by some glances she
cast,

Love slyly stole into my breast:

It told my soft wishes, she sweetly reply'd,

(Ye virgins her voice was divine)

I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,

Yet take me fond shepherd I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,

So simple---tho' sweet were her charms;

I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
 And lock'd the dear maid in my arms :
 Now jocund together we 'tend a few sheep,
 And if on the banks by the stream ;
 Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
 Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the flow rising hills,
 Delighted with pastoral views ;
 Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distills,
 And mark out new themes for my muse :
 To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
 The damsel's of humble descent ;
 The cottager Peace is well known for her fire,
 The shepherds have nam'd her Content.



SPRING, an ODE,

DECRIPIT winter limpt away,
 Now youthful spring all trim and gay,
 Comes tripping o'er the sunny plain,
 With health and vigour in her train,
 She comes, and lo ! where e'er she treads,
 Soft cowslips lift their velvet heads ;
 With snow-drops white, and violets blue,
 And flow'rs of every leaf and hue.

Hail ! smiling season, woo'd by thee,
 Town has no longer charms for me ;
 Sated with folly, smoak, and noise,
 I pant for calmer, purer joys,
 Lead me some rural genius, where,
 The wanton, cool, and balmy air ;

Fresh breathing from hill, mead and grove,
Inspires festivity, and love.

Thrice happy man, whose friendly fate,
Affords a pleasant country seat,
Secure retirement, and defence
From business and impertinence.
There, he may stretch beneath the shade,
For ease and contemplation made;
And neither spy, nor whisperer near,
Enjoy the beauties of the year.



How do you do.

WHEN first simple Strephon perceiv'd that his
heart,

Was touch'd by young Cupid's invincible dart,
Tho' urg'd by his passion the nymph to pursue,
His courage cou'd only say, *How do you do.*

But finding love's fire to burn very strong,
And hoping her heart would be touch'd e'er 'twas
long,

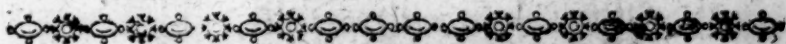
With a bow and a smile he began strait to woo,
And seizing her hand, cry'd, my dear, *how d'ye do.*

Observing this freedom not taken amiss,
He ventur'd her lips to salute with a kiss,
Then vow'd that such pleasure before he ne'er knew,
And kiss'd her again with a--- *How do you do.*

Grown bold with success he soon beg'd of the fair,
To take a walk with him, it matters not where,
When some how or other 'tis certainly true,
He tickled her heart with a--- *How do you do.*

Well pleas'd with the frolic they every day,
 Pass'd their time in repeating their amorous play,
 But when he's too faint the soft sport to renew,
 She archly will cry out---*Pray how do you do.*

Take the hint all ye youths who now suffer love's
 smart,
 With courage pursue if you'd gain the nymph's heart,
 By fighting and whining you'll ne'er bring them too,
 Then briskly advance with a---*How do you do.*



The Shepherd's Invitation.

THE new flown birds the shepherds sing,
 To welcome in the May;
 Come Pastorella now the spring,
 Make every landscape gay,
 Wide spreading trees their leafy shade,
 O'er half the plain extend,
 Or in reflecting fountains play'd,
 Their quivering branches bend.
 Come taste the season in its prime,
 And bless the rising year;
 Oh! how my soul grows sick of time,
 Till thou, my love, appear.
 Then shall I pass the glad some day,
 Warm in thy beauty's shine;
 When thy dear flock shall sport and play,
 And intermix with mine.
 For thee of doves a milk-white pair,
 In filken bands I hold;
 For thee a firstling lambkin fair,
 I keep within the fold:

If milk-white doves acceptance meet,
 Or tender lambkins please ;
 My spotless heart without deceit,
 Be offer'd up with these.



The young Man's Wish,

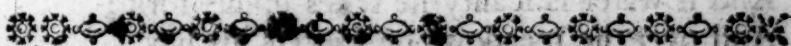
FREE from the bustle, care and strife;
 Of this short varigated life,
 Oh let me spend my days,
 In rural sweetness with a friend,
 To whom my mind I may unbend,
 Nor censure heed or praise.

Riches bring cares---I ask not wealth,
 Let me enjoy but peace and health,
 I envy not the great,
 'Tis these alone can make me blest,
 The riches take of east and west,
 I claim not these or state.

Tho' not extravagant nor near,
 But thro' the well spent chequer'd year,
 I'd have enough to live,
 To drink a bottle with a friend,
 Assist him in distress, ne'er lend,
 But rather freely give.

I too would wish to sweeten life,
 A gentle kind good-natur'd wife,
 Young, sensible and fair,
 One who could love but me alone,
 Prefer my cot to e'er a throne,
 And sooth my ev'ry care.

Thus happy with my wife and friend,
 My life I cheerfully would spend,
 With no vain thoughts oppress'd,
 If heaven has bliss for me in store,
 O grant me this I ask no more,
 And I am truly blest.



The Miller's Song,

NEAR the side of a pond at the foot of a hill,
 A free-hearted fellow attends on his mill;
 Fresh health blooms her strong rosy hue o'er his face,
 And honesty gives e'en to awkwardness grace:
 Beslower'd with his meal does he labour and sing,
 And regaling at night he's as blest as a king,
 After heartily eating he takes a full swill,
 Of liquor home brew'd to success of his mill.

He makes no nice scruple of toll for his trade,
 For that's an excise to his industry paid:
 His conscience is free, and his income is clear,
 And he values not them of ten thousand a year,
 He's a freehold sufficient to give him a vote,
 At elections he scorns to accept of a groat,
 He hate's your proud placemen and do what they
 will,
 They ne'er can seduce the staunch man of the mill.

On sunday he talks with the barber and priest,
 And hope that our statesmen do all for the best,
 That the Spaniards shall ne'er interrupt our free
 trade,
 Nor good british coin be in subsidies paid:

(8)

He fears the French navy and commerce increase,
And wishes poor Germany still might have peace,
Tho' Old England he knows may have strength and
have skill,

To protect all her manors and save his own mill.

With this honest hope he goes home to his work,
And if water is scanty he takes up his fork;
And over the meadows he scatters his hay,
Or with the stiff plough turns up furrows of clay,
His harvest is crown'd with a good English glee,
That his country may ever be happy and free.
With his hand and his heart to king George does
he fill,

And may all loyal souls act the man of the mill.

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